


DEFIANT
11
\$2.50
\$3.50 CANADA

WARRIORS OF PLASM



pham OCLAIR
1 9 9 4

HONOR AND GLORY!

SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE IMAGINARY LIMITS OF REALITY AT THE HEART OF A LIVING WORLD ITS INHABITANTS CALL THE ORG OF PLASM...

...LORCA, EMPEROR OF THE ORG, AND TWO NEW JERSEYANS WHO HAVE BEEN GENETICALLY RE-ENGINEERED INTO SUPER-HUMANS...

...FACE OFF AGAINST ANOTHER EARTH MAN, ONE CHARLES MAL, WHO ALSO POSSESSES VAST POWER...

...PERHAPS UNIMAGINABLE POWER...

GLORY!
WELL...I'VE NEVER BEATEN AN OLD WOMAN TO DEATH BEFORE, BUT...LADIES FIRST!

THANK GOD YOU'RE BACK, GLORY! YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE DAMAGE HE'S DONE! HE TRICKED ME INTO HELPING HIM STEAL THE SOUL FROM THE HEART OF THE ORG!

THE SOUL?
I...SUPPOSE A LIVING PLANET WOULD HAVE ONE, BUT...HOW COULD HE POSSIBLY...?

UH, MARTIN, TELL ME LATER. FIRST, LET'S STOP THIS EVIL MAN AND PUT THINGS RIGHT.

WE MUST RESTORE THE SOUL OF THE ORG!

PLOT BY JIM SHOOTER
AND DAVID LAPHAM

WRITTEN BY JIM SHOOTER
WITH KEN GALE

LAYOUTS BY
DAVID LAPHAM

FINISHED PENCILS
BY TIM ELDRED

INKED BY YURGO
TASIPOULOS

PAINTED BY
BRIAN MOYER

LETTERED BY
CLEM ROBINS

EDITED BY
PAULINE WEISS



YOU CANNOT IMAGINE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE! THE SOUL OF THE ORG IS A GENTLE SPIRIT--IT IS LIFE, AND THE GIVING OF LIFE!

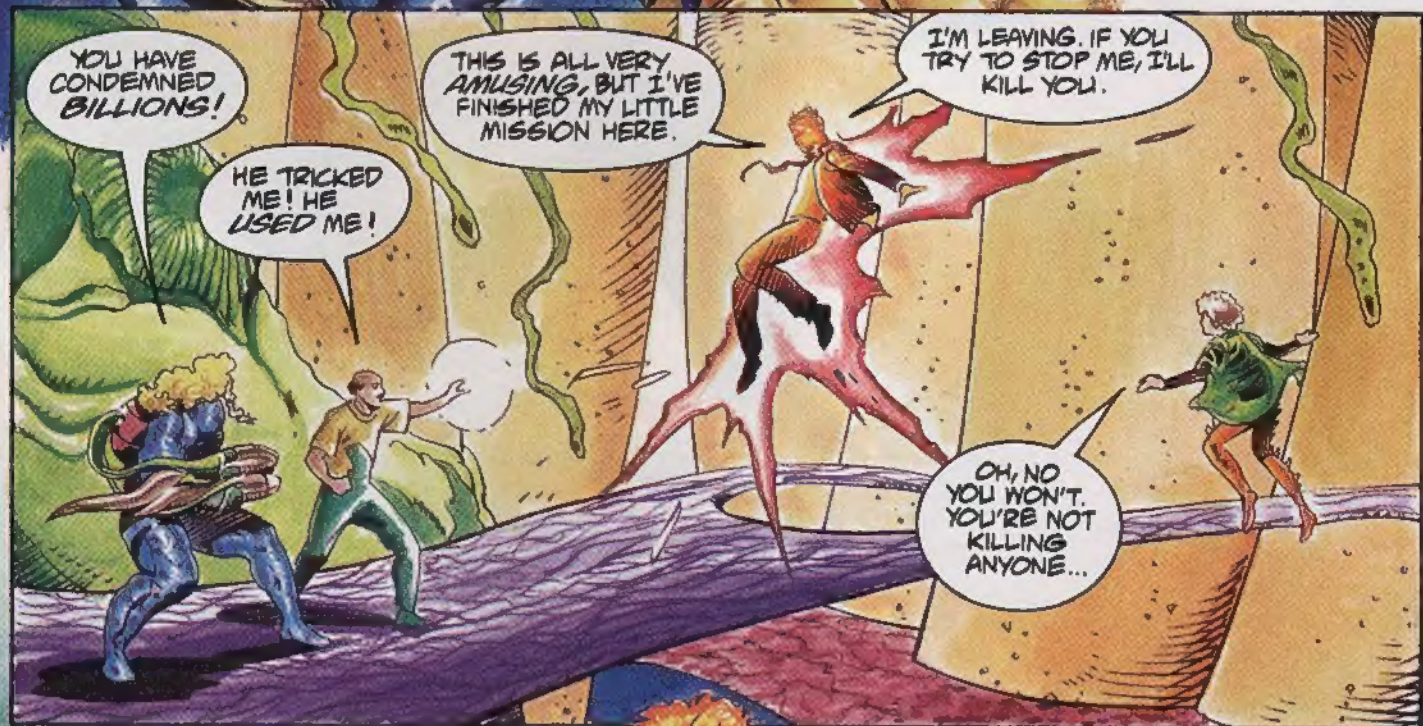
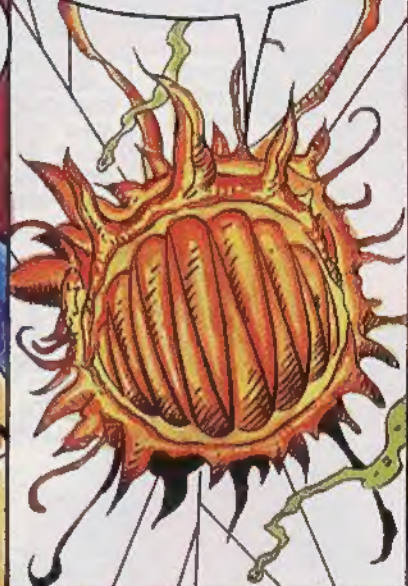
IT IS LOVE...! BUT YOU HAVE RIPPED IT AWAY...

...LEAVING THE ORG TO BE RULED BY ITS VICIOUS, FERAL ANIMUS.

FEEL THE TREMORS...! ALREADY THE DARKER ESSENCE OF THE ORG HAS BEGUN TO STIR!

THE VORACIOUS HUNGER OF THE ORG WAS FEARED BY OTHER WORLDS...

NOW...IT WILL DEVOUR EVEN ITS OWN CHILDREN... AND FINALLY CONSUME ITSELF! THIS IS THE END OF US ALL!



YOU HAVE CONDEMNED BILLIONS!

HE TRICKED ME! HE USED ME!

THIS IS ALL VERY AMUSING, BUT I'VE FINISHED MY LITTLE MISSION HERE.

I'M LEAVING. IF YOU TRY TO STOP ME, I'LL KILL YOU.

OH, NO YOU WON'T. YOU'RE NOT KILLING ANYONE...



...AND YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!



YOU KNOW, WE'VE NEVER BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED. I KNOW YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU GLORY...

I'M CHARLES. FOR SOME REASON MY BUSINESS ASSOCIATES CALL ME CHASM.



THERE. IT COSTS NOTHING TO BE POLITE.

OWWWW!



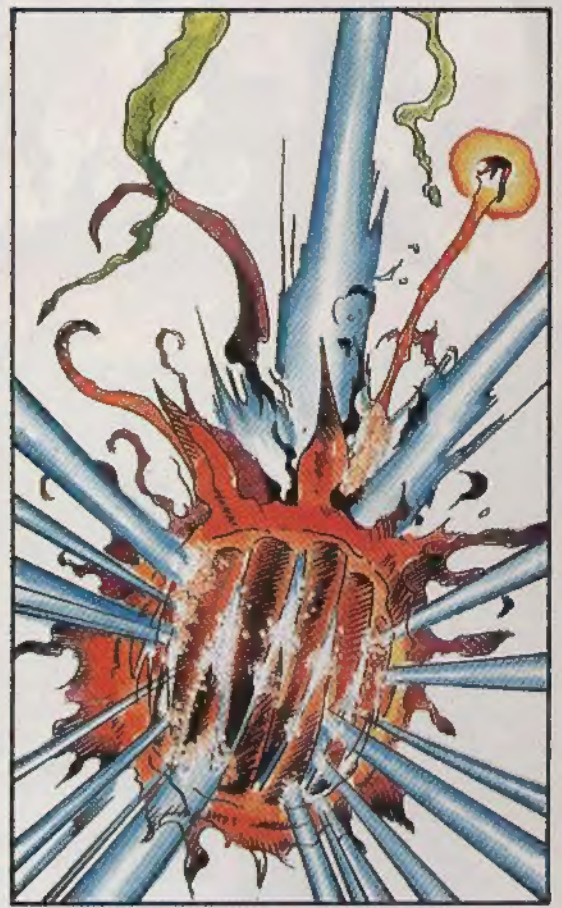
ORG'S BILE! HE HURT GLORY! I...DIDN'T THINK THAT WAS POSSIBLE!

HE MADE A MISTAKE, THOUGH. I CAN GATHER UP THE POWER HE USED AGAINST HER...ALL THAT BRILLIANT ENERGY...



COME HERE, HAG!

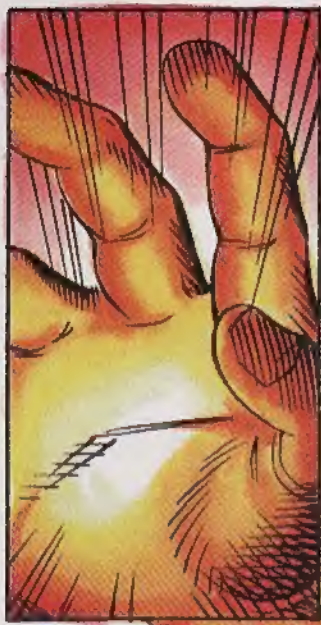
...AND THROW IT AT HIM!



THANKS, MARTIN. HE REALLY TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF ME FOR A MINUTE, THERE.

UH-OH. HE'S COMING BACK...

...AND HE LOOKS... REALLY ANGRY.



THINK YOU'RE
CLEVER, REVEREND
GILBERT?



HERE, LET ME GIVE
YOU SOME MORE
ENERGY TO WORK
WITH. LOTS MORE...

LET'S SEE
HOW MUCH YOU
CAN HANDLE.

CATCH!



WE JUST
BARELY GOT OUT
OF THERE IN
TIME!

IF I CAN
REACH HIM, I'LL
TRY TO GRAB HIM
AGAIN... MORE
CAREFULLY.

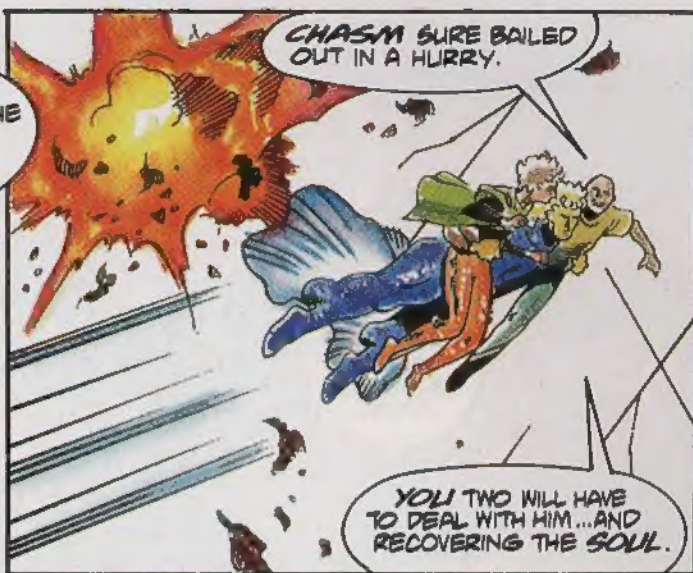
NO, GLORY,
I'LL... HEY!

CONVULSIONS!
THE ORG'S GOING
NUTS!



HM, THIS PLACE
IS GETTING OUT
OF HAND.

SCREW
THEM.



MEANWHILE, IN HIGH ORBIT OVER THE ORG OF PLASM...

...A HUGE, POWERFUL VESSEL FROM ANOTHER WORLD LOOMS MENACINGLY...



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ALIEN SHIP...



OUR SIGNAL IS BEING ANSWERED BY THE MASTER OF THE PLASMOID FLEET, HIGH NAVARCH.

LORD LEVIATHAN HERE. STATE YOUR BUSINESS, INFIDEL.

THANK YOU FOR RESPONDING, LORD LEVIATHAN. I AM NAVARCH OBOUR.

YOUR WORLD IS EXPERIENCING SPECTACULAR UPHEAVALS. IT SEEMS TO BE UNDERGOING A TRANSFORMATION.

WE FIND IT ESPECIALLY TROUBLING THAT IT HAS DEVELOPED SEVERAL IMMENSE APPENDAGES, OR TENTACLES, THAT WE BELIEVE POSSESS OFFENSIVE POTENTIAL.

AS YOU KNOW, LORD LEVIATHAN, OUR PLENIPOTENTIARY AND HER ENTOURAGE ARE CURRENTLY ON--OR IN, I SUPPOSE--YOUR WORLD TO CONDUCT NEGOTIATIONS.



IF YOU PLAN HOSTILE ACTION, PLEASE INFORM US AT ONCE, SO WE MAY WITHDRAW OUR DELEGATION AND TAKE STEPS TO DEFEND OURSELVES.

STUPID OTHERWORLD INFIDEL. THE ORG WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS; ITS WILL IS ITS OWN.

PERHAPS IT IS GIVING US A SIGN TO SWEEP YOUR ANNOYING VESSEL FROM ITS SKY-SPACE.

MY ADVICE TO YOU IS MOVE BACK. LEVIATHAN OUT.



HIGH NAVARCH! THEIR SHIPS ARE MOVING INTO ATTACK FORMATION.

I'D HOPED TO AVOID THIS...

VAPORIZE EVERY AGGRESSOR VESSEL WITHIN ONE PLANETARY DIAMETER.





IT IS DONE,
HIGH NAVARCH.
NO DAMAGE TO
OUR VESSEL.

THANK
YOU.

HOW SAD
THAT IT WAS
NECESSARY...

...BUT PERHAPS LEVIATHAN
WILL THINK OF IT AS US
GIVING HIM A SIGN TO
CURB HIS AGGRESSION.

MEANWHILE, NEAR ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY...



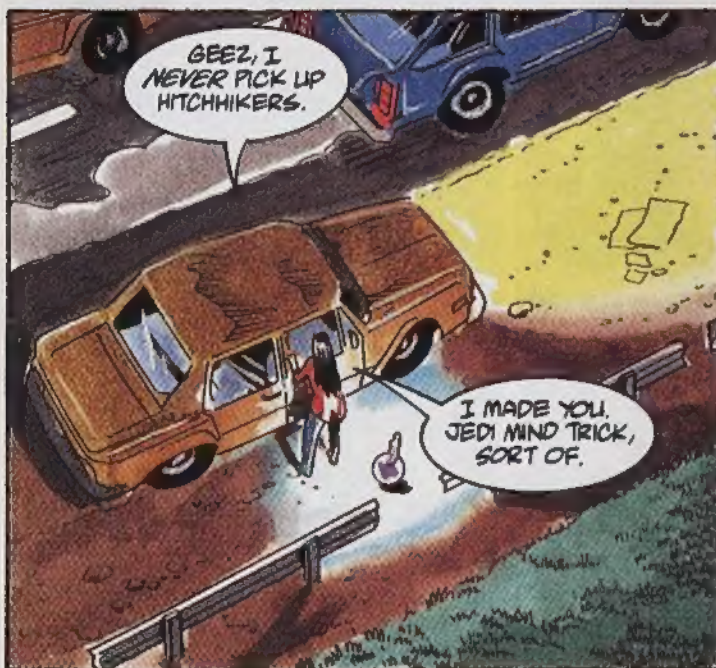
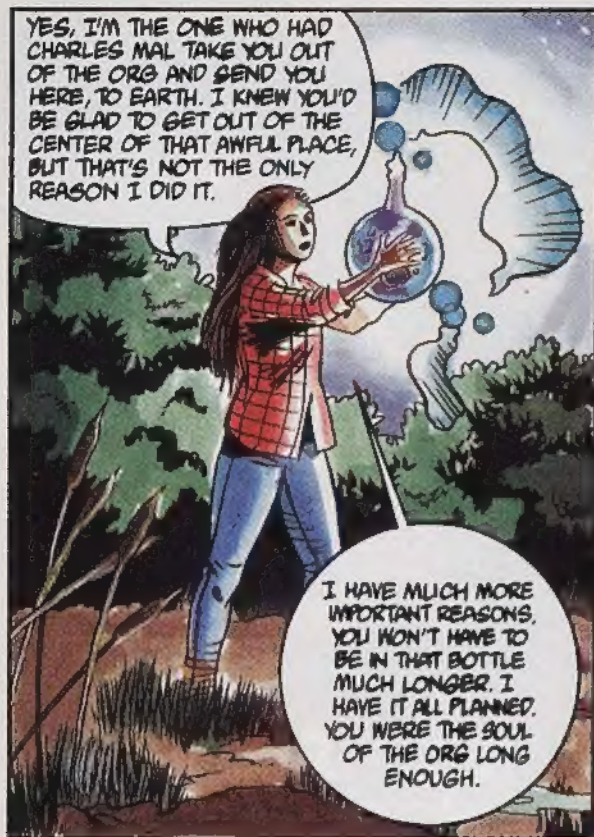
...A SHIMMERING
PORTAL OPENS
IN MID-AIR...

...THROUGH WHICH A
CHITINOUS BOTTLE
ENTERS THIS SIDE
OF REALITY.

THE BOTTLE CONTAINS A
LOVING AND GENTLE SPIRIT...

...STOLEN FROM THE VERY
HEART OF THE ORG OF PLASM
BY ONE CHARLES MAL...

...AND SENT HERE TO ONE
COOKIE WAZENEGGER, KNOWN
TO A SELECT FEW AS NUDGE.



MEANWHILE, AS UPHEAVALS WREAK HAVOC THROUGHOUT THE ORG OF PLASM...

THIS MUST
BE ONE OF THE
UPPER LEVELS
...FINALLY!

THIS WHOLE PLACE
IS GOING NUTS! I...
CAN EVEN FEEL IT IN
MY MIND! THIS TUR-
MOIL IS PSYCHIC AS
WELL AS PHYSICAL.

GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE. NEED TO FIND
ONE OF THOSE LITTLE
TRANSPORTER THINGS
...GET BACK TO NEW
YORK.

OW. MY
HEAD IS
KILLING
ME!

WHY DID
I EVER COME
HERE?

WHY... DID
I COME
HERE?

THAT WOMAN... NUDGE
...SENT ME HERE...

WAIT
A MINUTE.
NOBODY
"SENDS" ME
ANYWHERE!
I DON'T DO
ERRANDS
FOR PEOPLE.

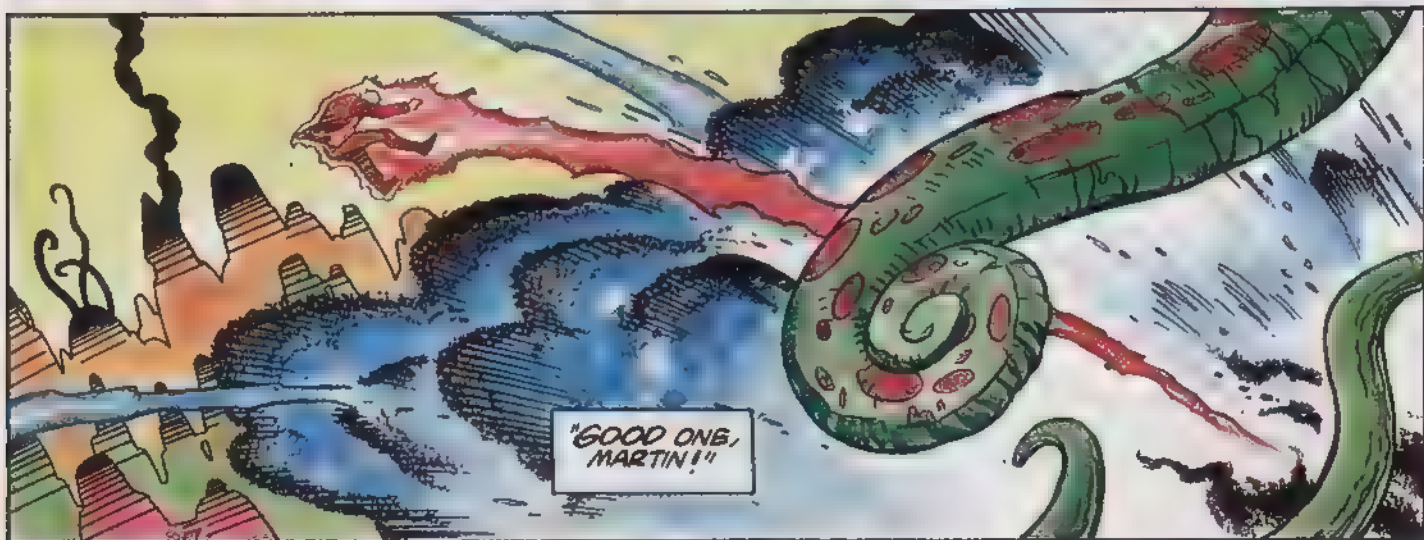
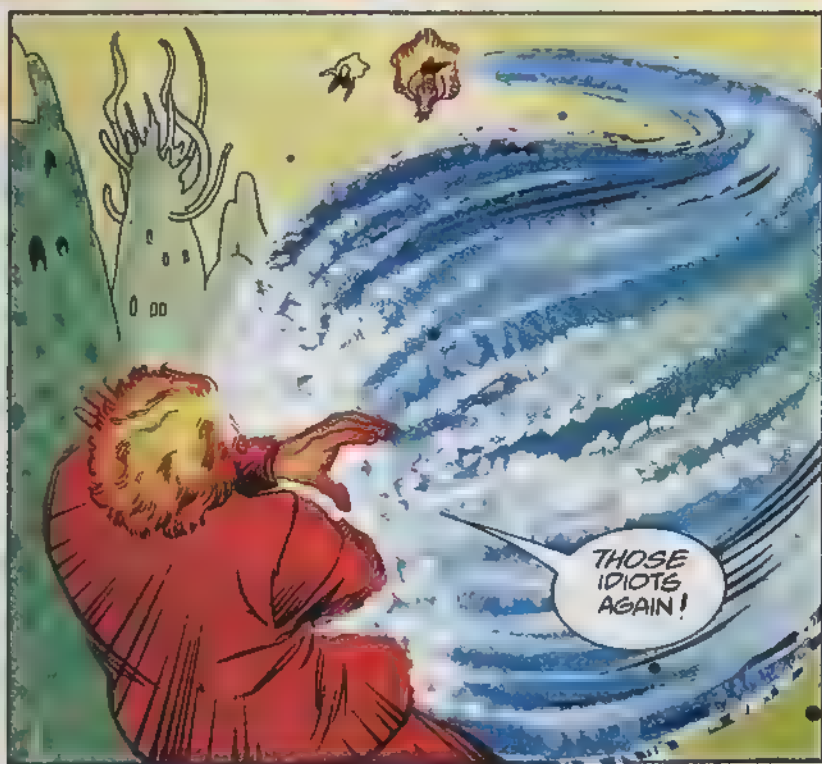
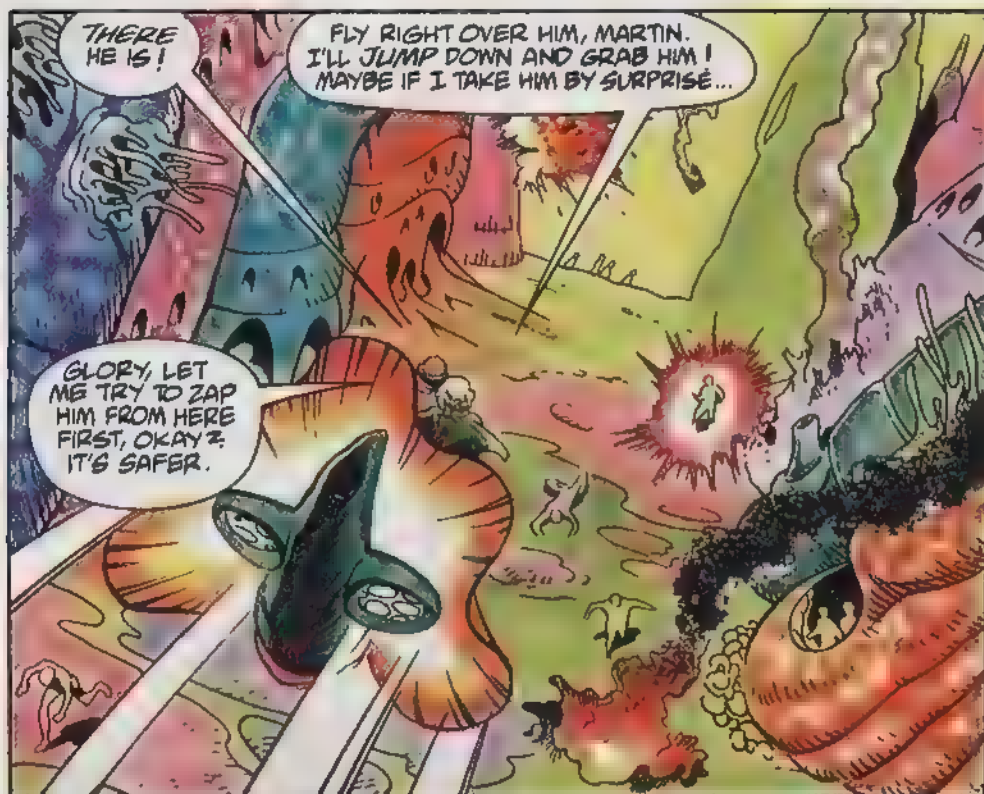
SHE DID
SOMETHING
TO MY MIND...

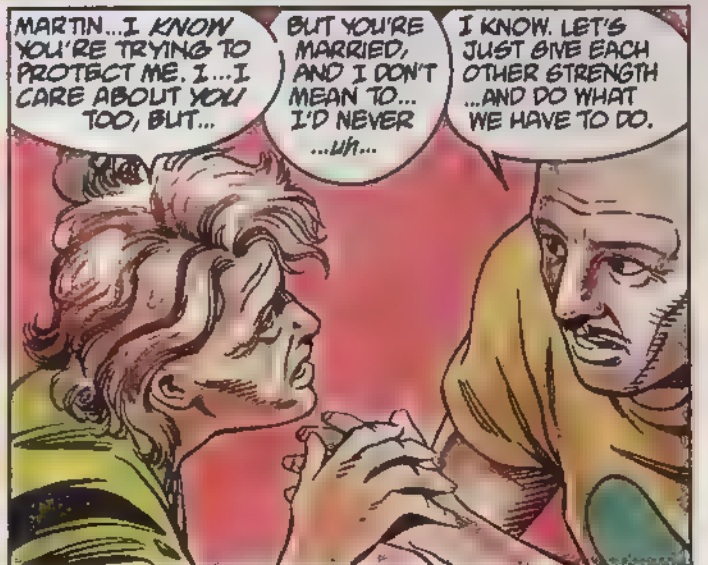
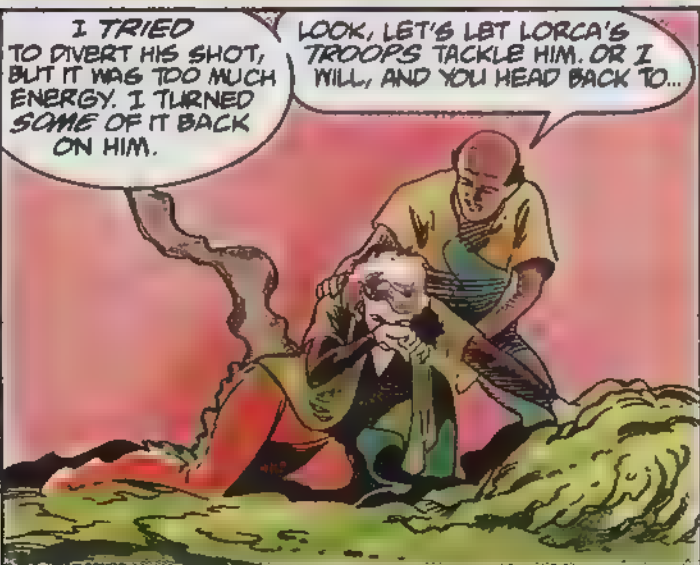
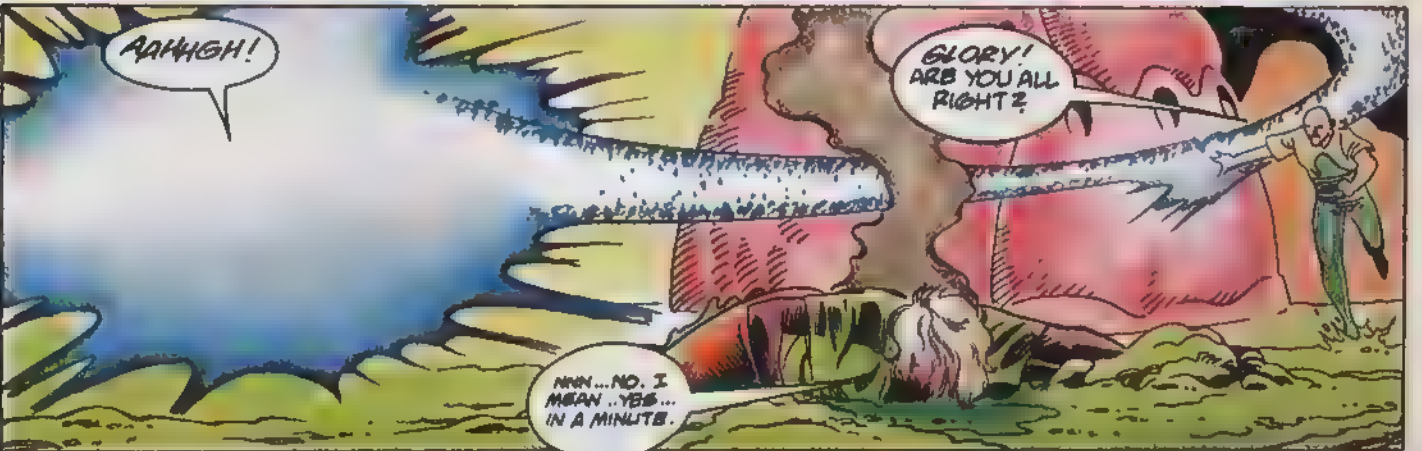
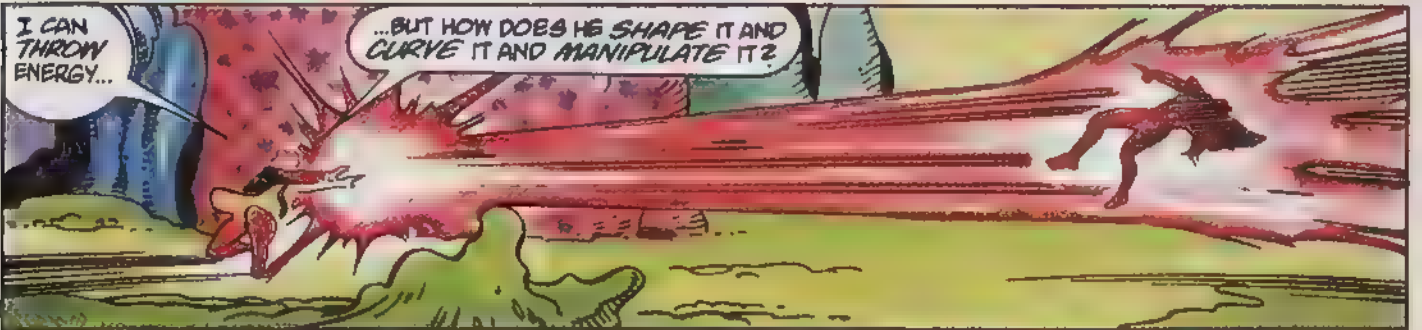
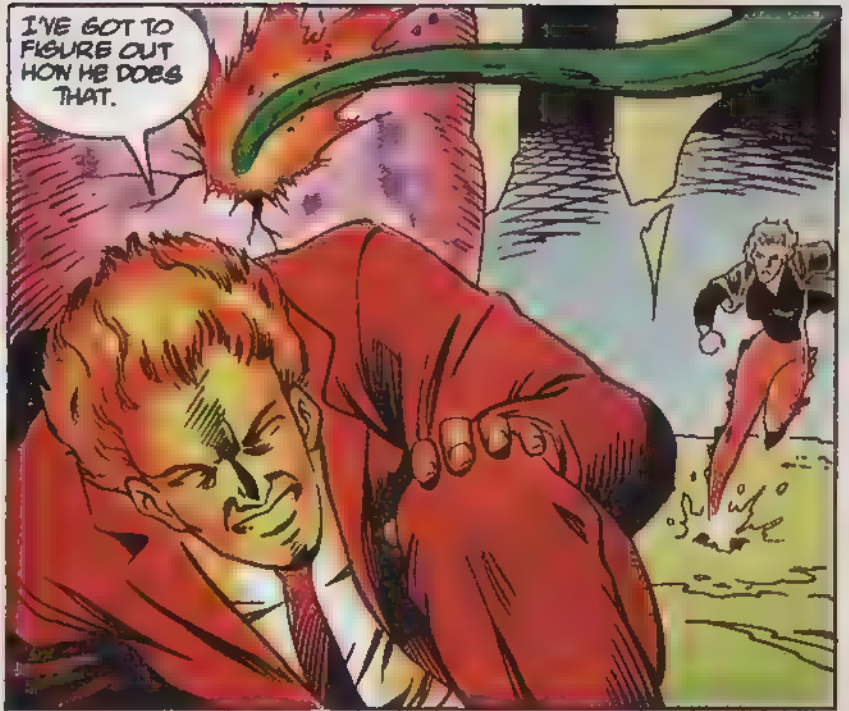
...BUT THE FOG... IS STARTING TO CLEAR...

I'LL
KILL
HER!

OH... I SEE IT NOW! I
REMEMBER! BUT...
THIS PSYCHIC STORM,
ALL THIS PAIN, CLEARED
HER OUT OF MY MIND!

THANKS, ORG, I
NEEDED THAT!





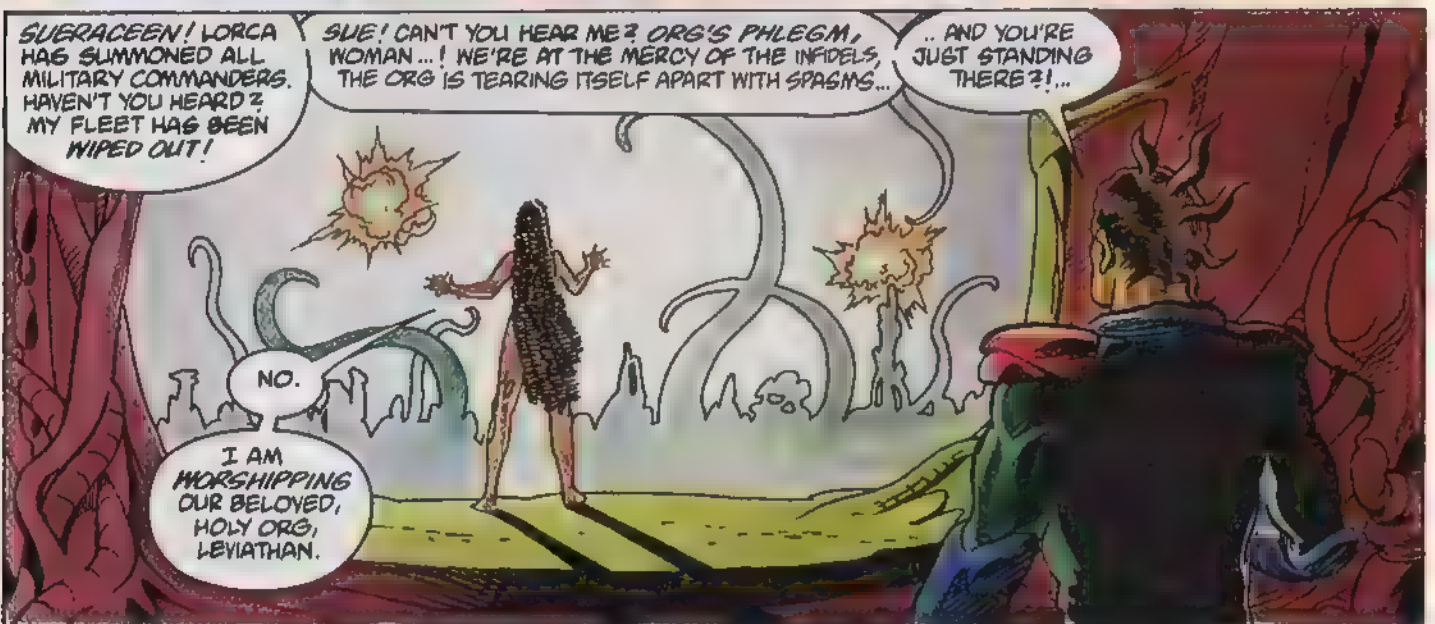


MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE GROUNDSKIN OF THE ORG'S PLEXUS CAVITY...



...IN THE ANTRUM OF HIGH GORE LORD SUERACEEN, SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE ARMIES OF THE ORG...

PRaise THE ORG. PRaise AND MAGNIFY THE ORG



SUERACEEN! LORCA HAS SUMMONED ALL MILITARY COMMANDERS. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? MY FLEET HAS BEEN WIPEd OUT!

SUE! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? ORG'S PHLEGm, WOMAN ...! WE'RE AT THE MERCY OF THE INFIDELS, THE ORG IS TEARING ITSELF APART WITH SPASMS...

.. AND YOU'RE JUST STANDING THERE?!

NO.

I AM WORSHIPPING OUR BELOVED, HOLY ORG, LEVIATHAN.



DON'T YOU SEE?

THE ORG IS ANGRY! ITS RIGHTEOUS WRATH AND HUNGER ARE AROUSED!

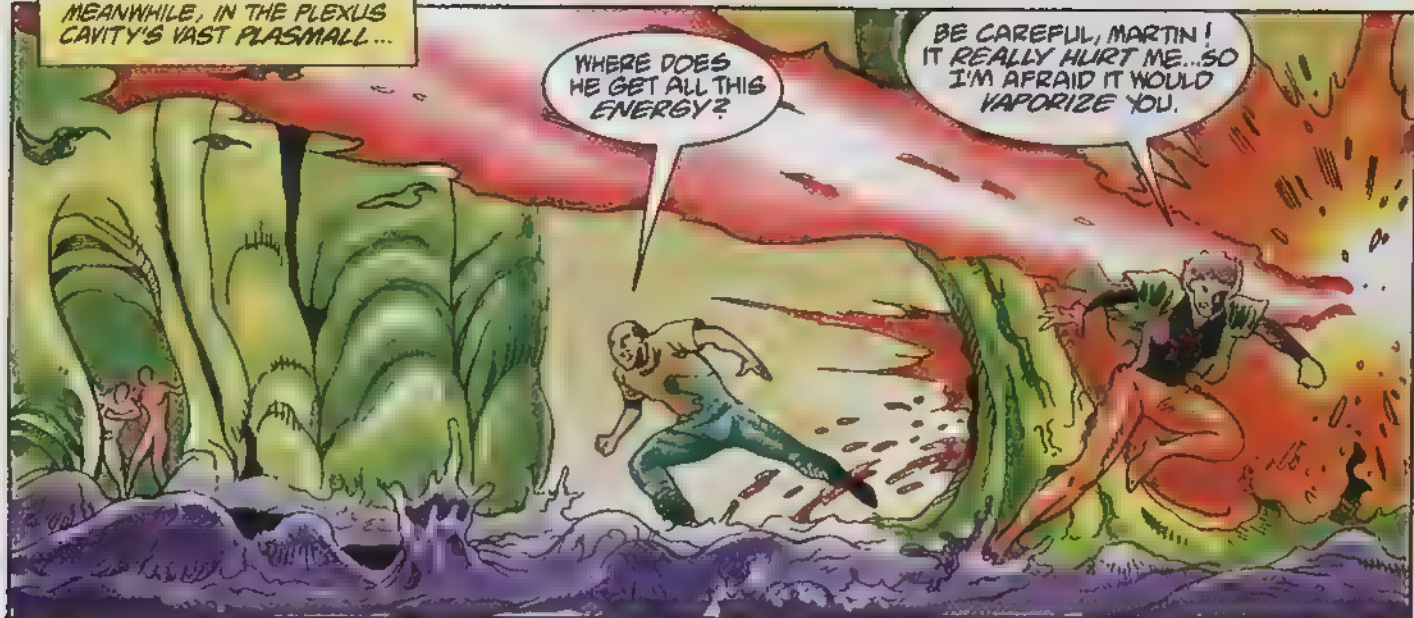
I KNEW THE HOLY ORG WOULD NOT TOLERATE LORCA'S FOOLISH PACIFISM FOR LONG.

THE ORG SHOWS US ITS WILL, LEVIATHAN, AND IF THE ORG ITSELF IS WITH US... WHO CAN STAND AGAINST US!

MEANWHILE, IN THE PLEXUS
CAVITY'S VAST PLASMA...

WHERE DOES
HE GET ALL THIS
ENERGY?

BE CAREFUL, MARTIN!
IT REALLY HURT ME...SO
I'M AFRAID IT WOULD
VAPORIZE YOU.



STUPID HAG! YOU SHOULD HAVE
QUIT WHILE YOU WERE AHEAD!



HOW DO PEOPLE GET
LIKE YOU? YOU'RE JUST
HORRIBLE, YOUNG MAN!
I WISH I COULD SPEAK
TO YOUR MOTHER!



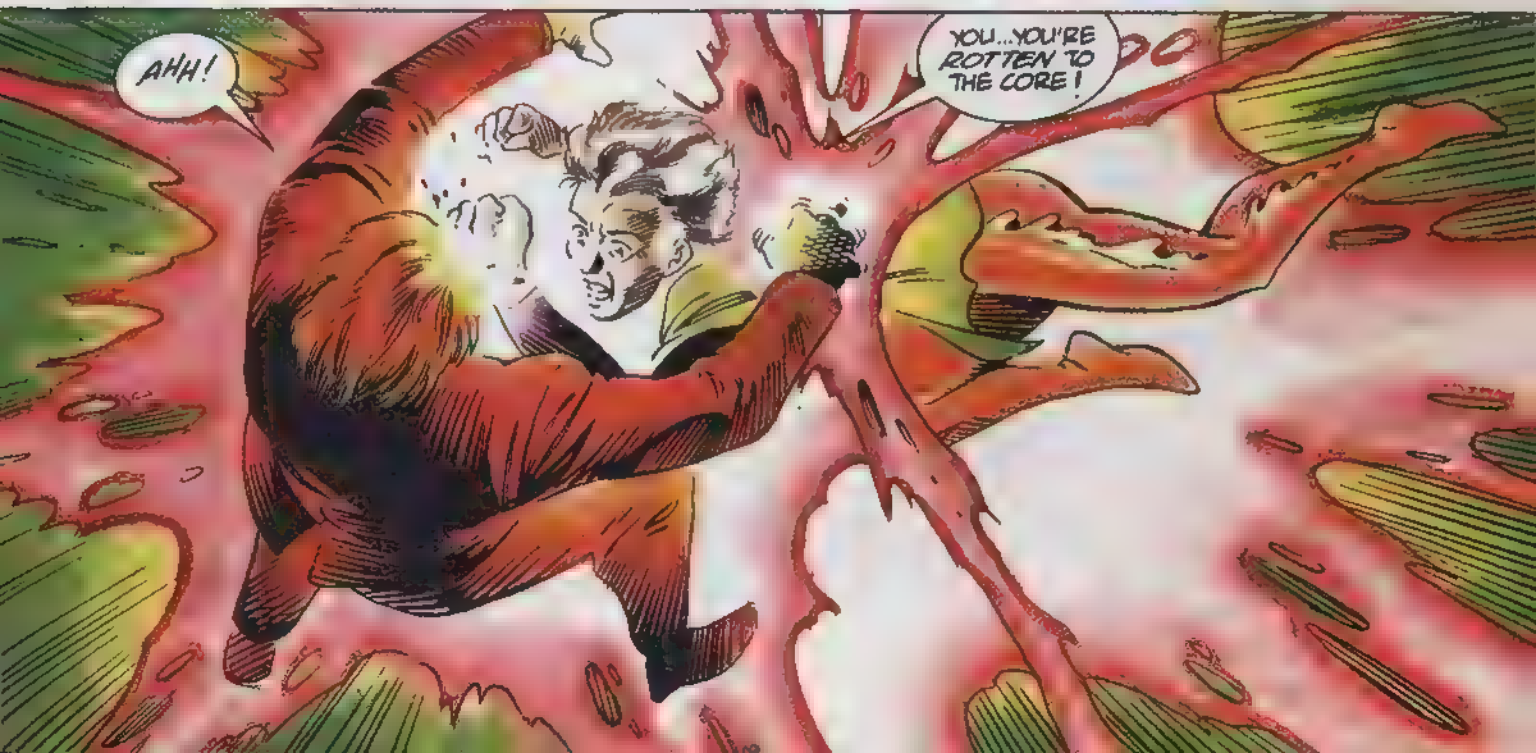
I'LL ARRANGE IT!
SHE'S DEAD, AND
YOU'LL SOON JOIN
HER!

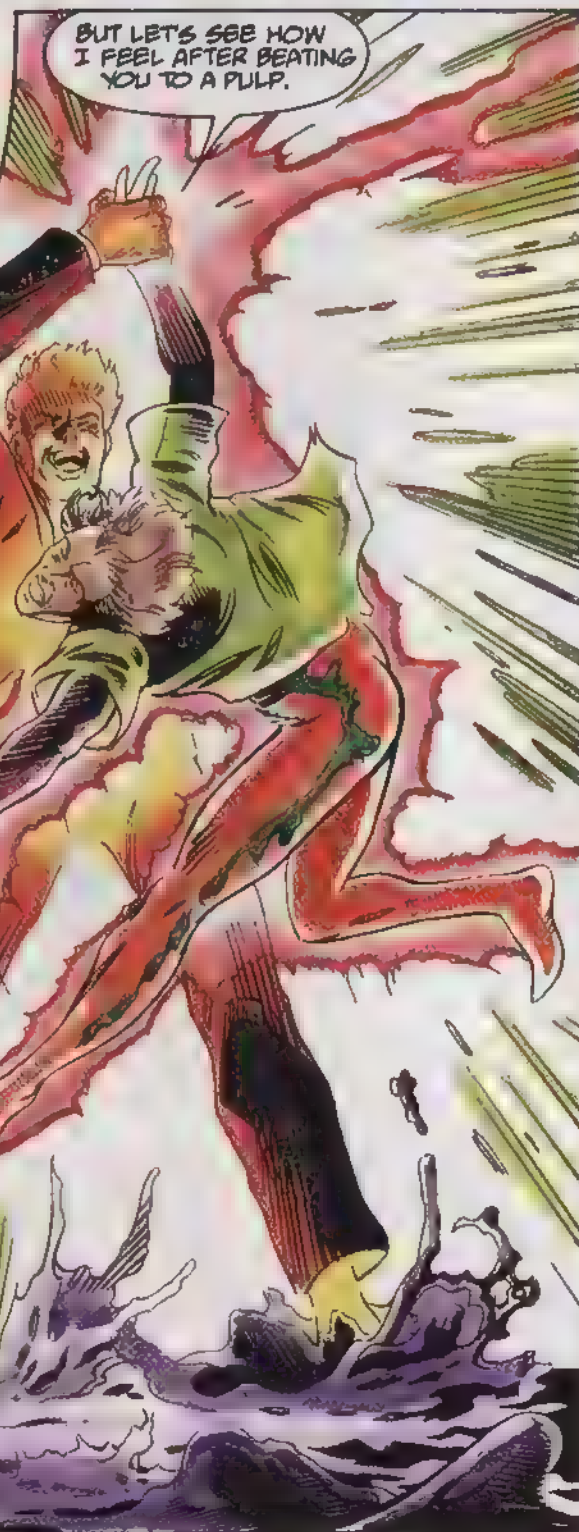


I MURDERED
HER, TOO, BY
THE WAY!

AHH!

YOU...YOU'RE
ROTTEN TO
THE CORE!



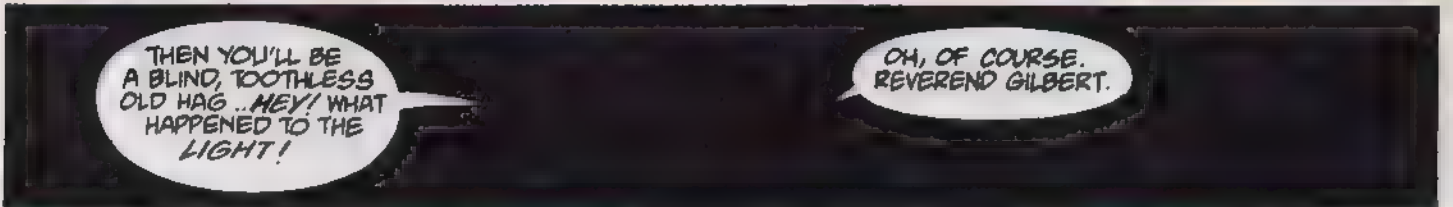




THEN AGAIN...IF I DON'T AT LEAST SCAR YOU...

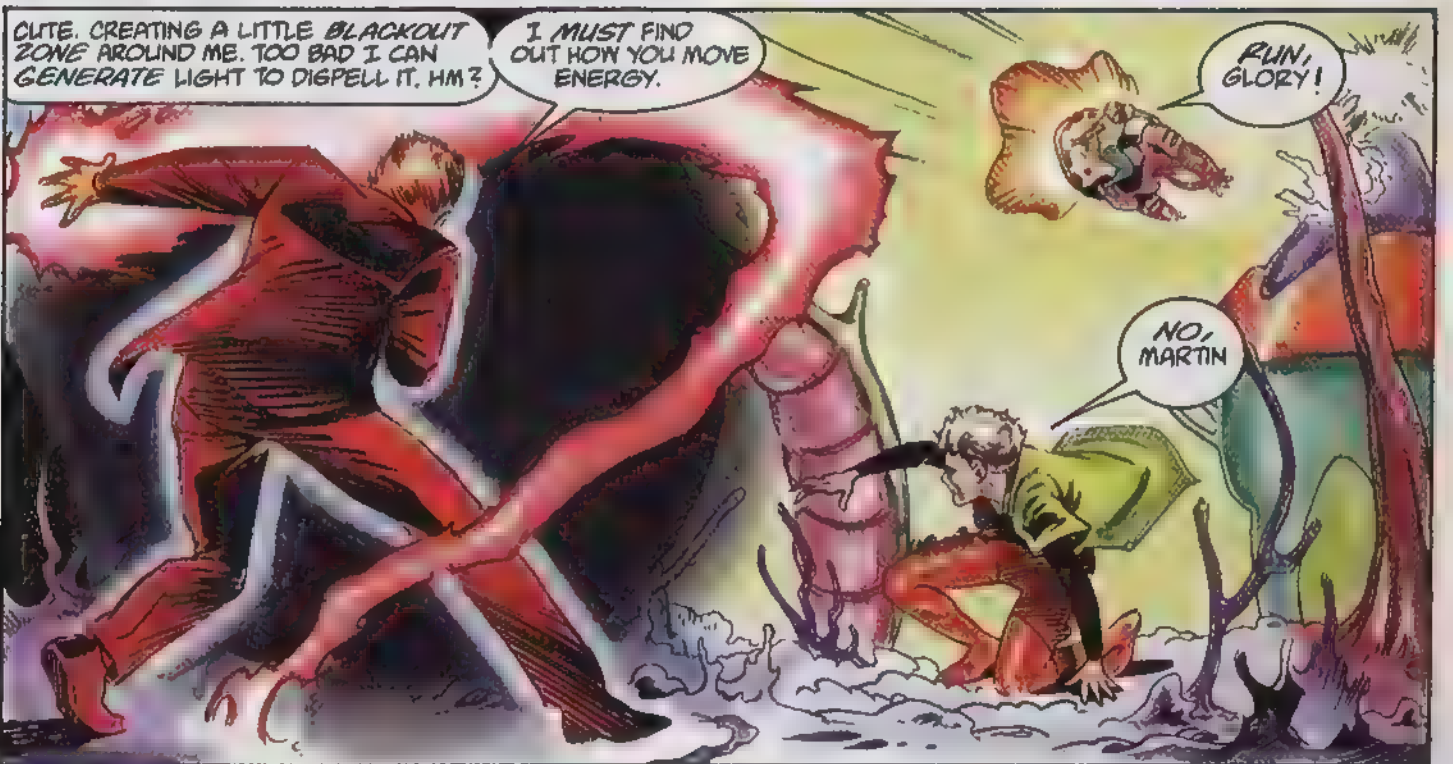
...PEOPLE WILL SAY I'M GETTING SOFT.

I KNOW. I'LL TEAR YOUR EYES OUT AND PUNCH YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT.



THEN YOU'LL BE A BLIND, TOOTHLESS OLD HAG...HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHT!

OH, OF COURSE. REVEREND GILBERT.

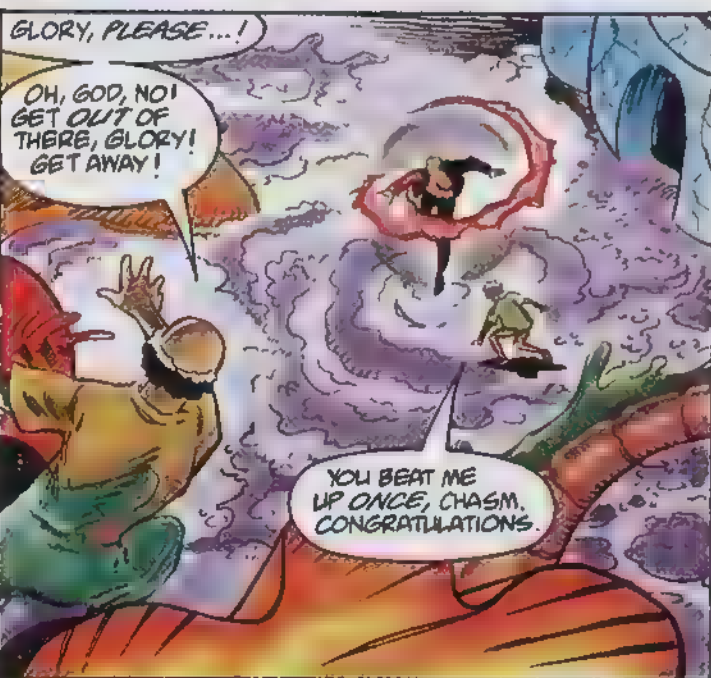


CUTE. CREATING A LITTLE BLACKOUT ZONE AROUND ME. TOO BAD I CAN GENERATE LIGHT TO DISPEL IT. HM?

I MUST FIND OUT HOW YOU MOVE ENERGY.

RUN, GLORY!

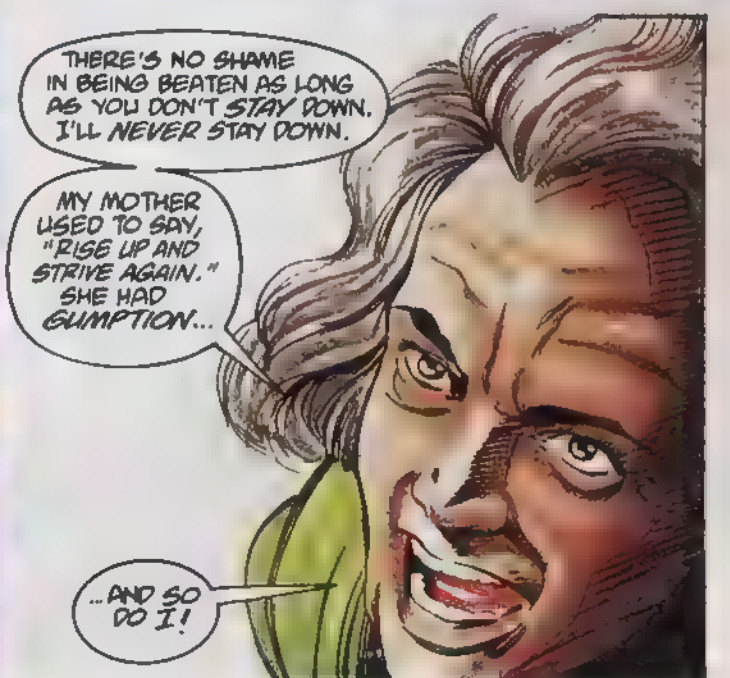
NO, MARTIN



GLORY, PLEASE...!

OH, GOD, NO! GET OUT OF THERE, GLORY! GET AWAY!

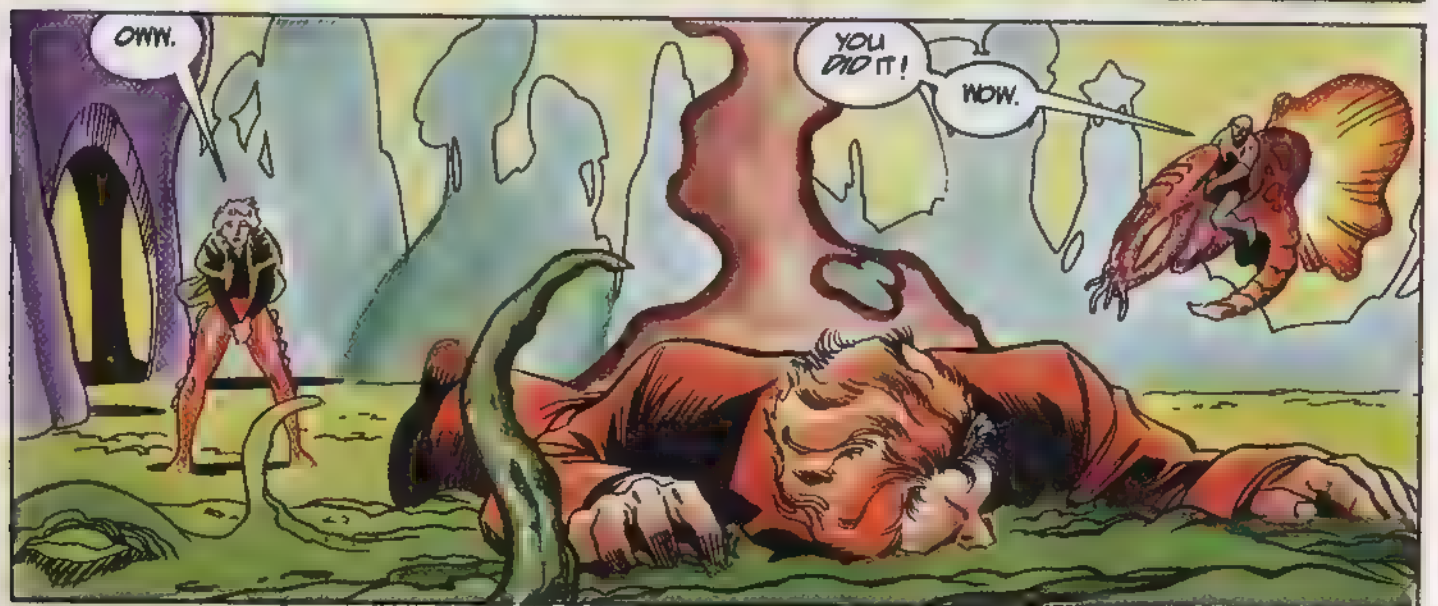
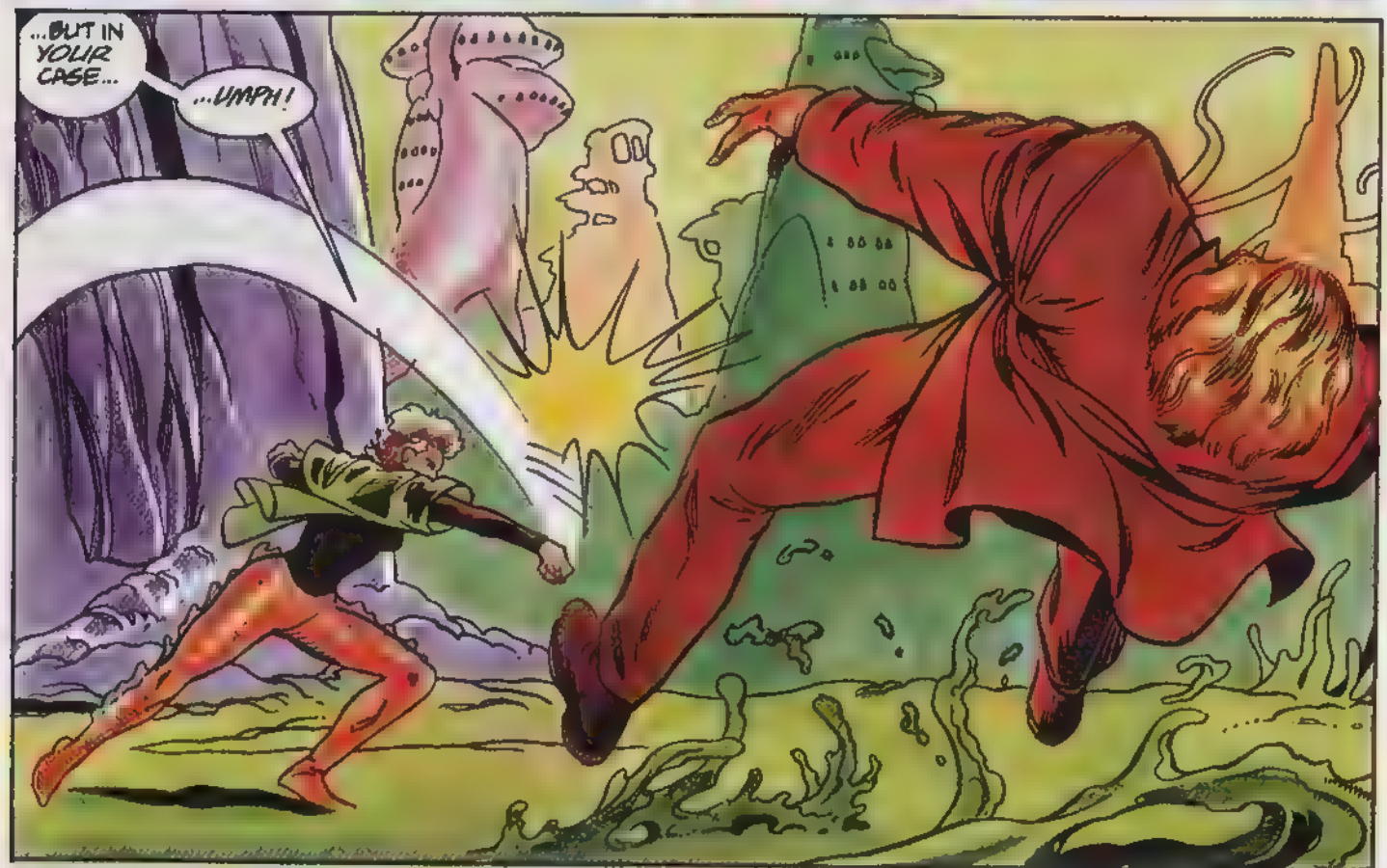
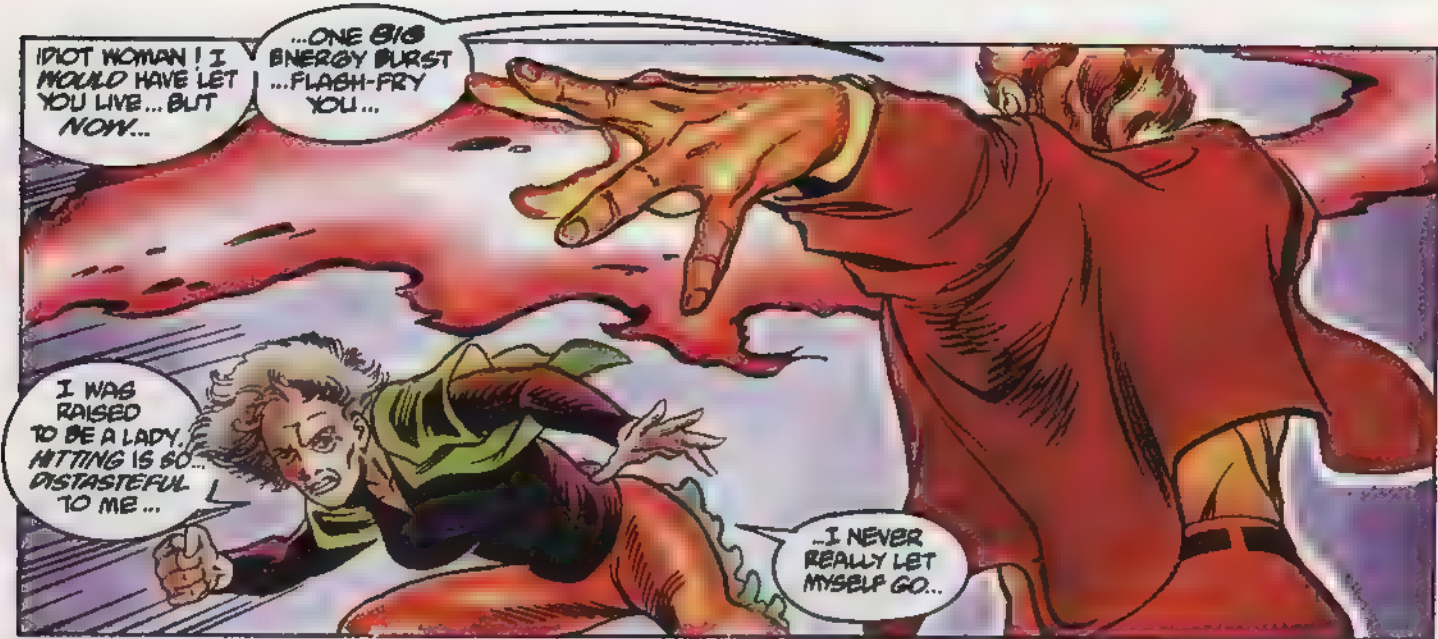
YOU BEAT ME UP ONCE, CHASM. CONGRATULATIONS.

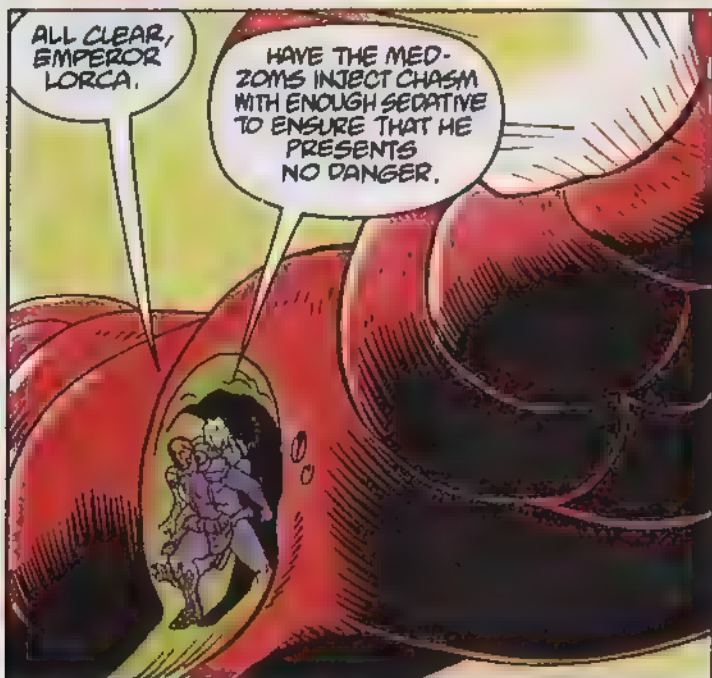
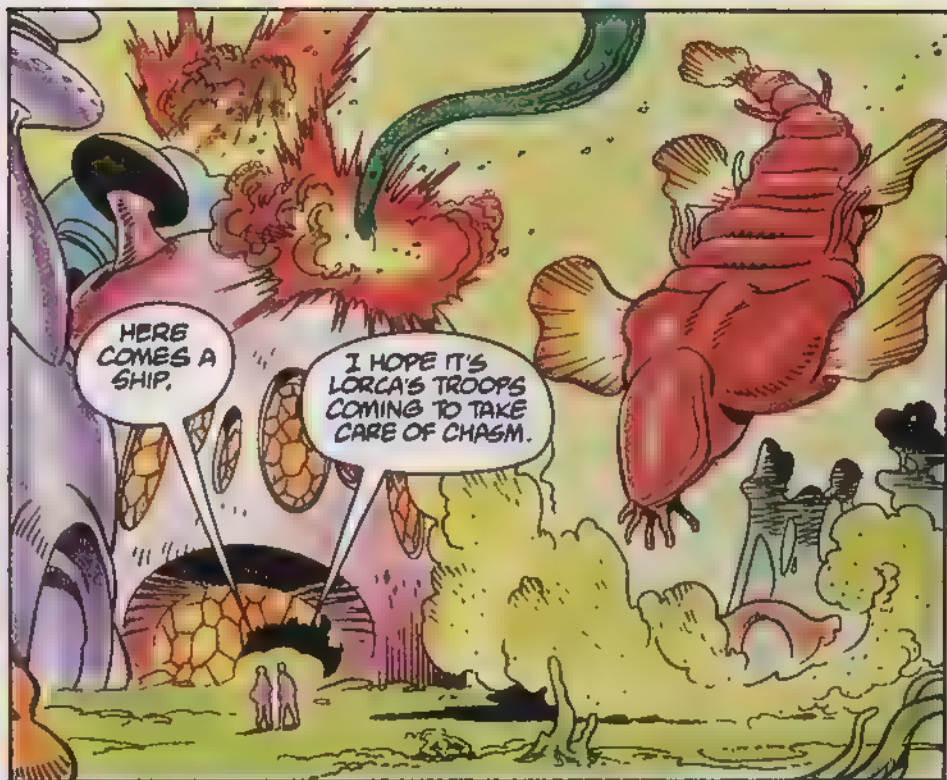
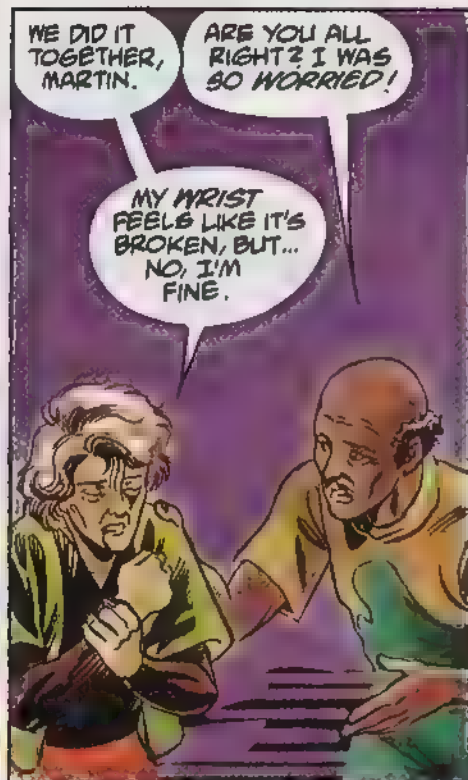


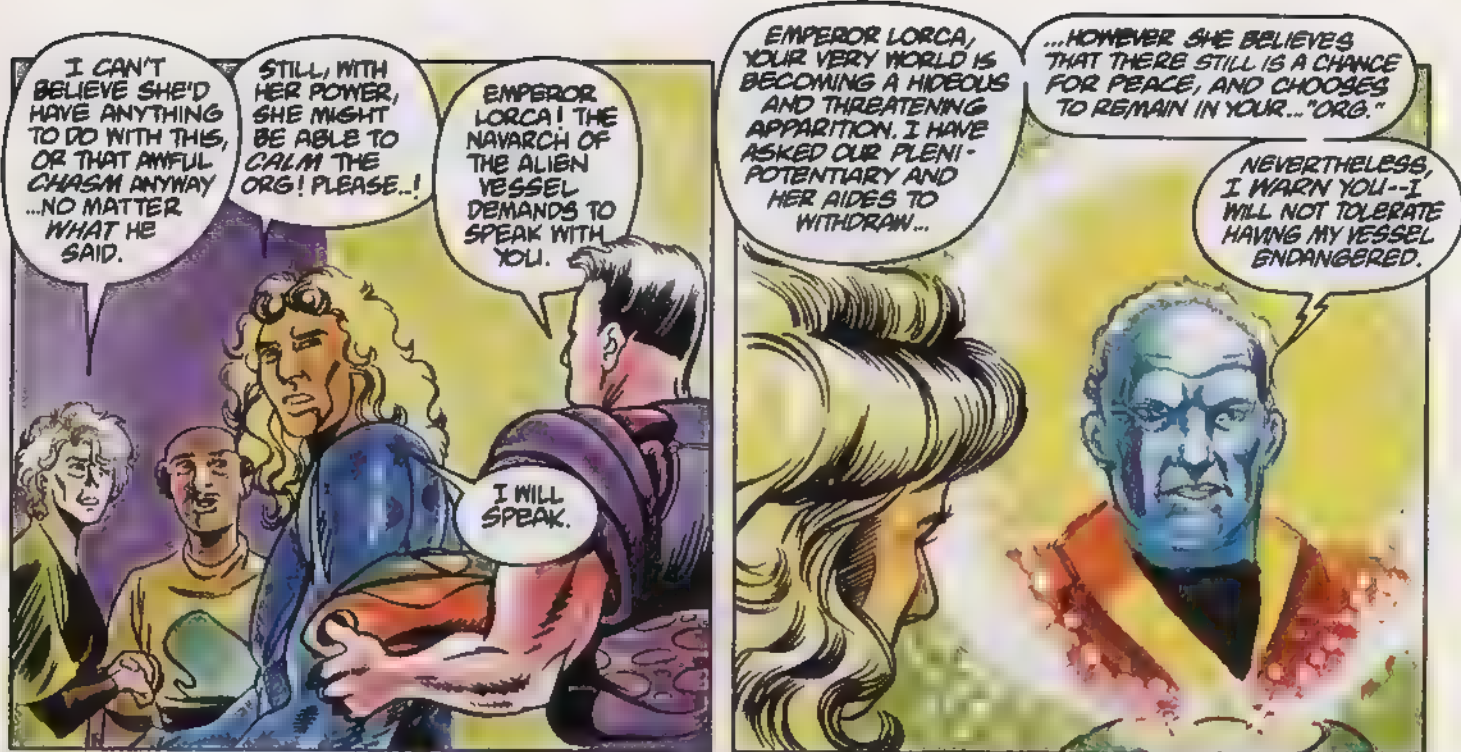
THERE'S NO SHAME IN BEING BEATEN AS LONG AS YOU DON'T STAY DOWN. I'LL NEVER STAY DOWN.

MY MOTHER USED TO SAY, "RISE UP AND STRIVE AGAIN." SHE HAD GUMPTION...

...AND SO DO I!







I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'D HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS, OR THAT ANFUL CHASM ANYWAY...NO MATTER WHAT HE SAID.

STILL, WITH HER POWER, SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CALM THE ORG! PLEASE...

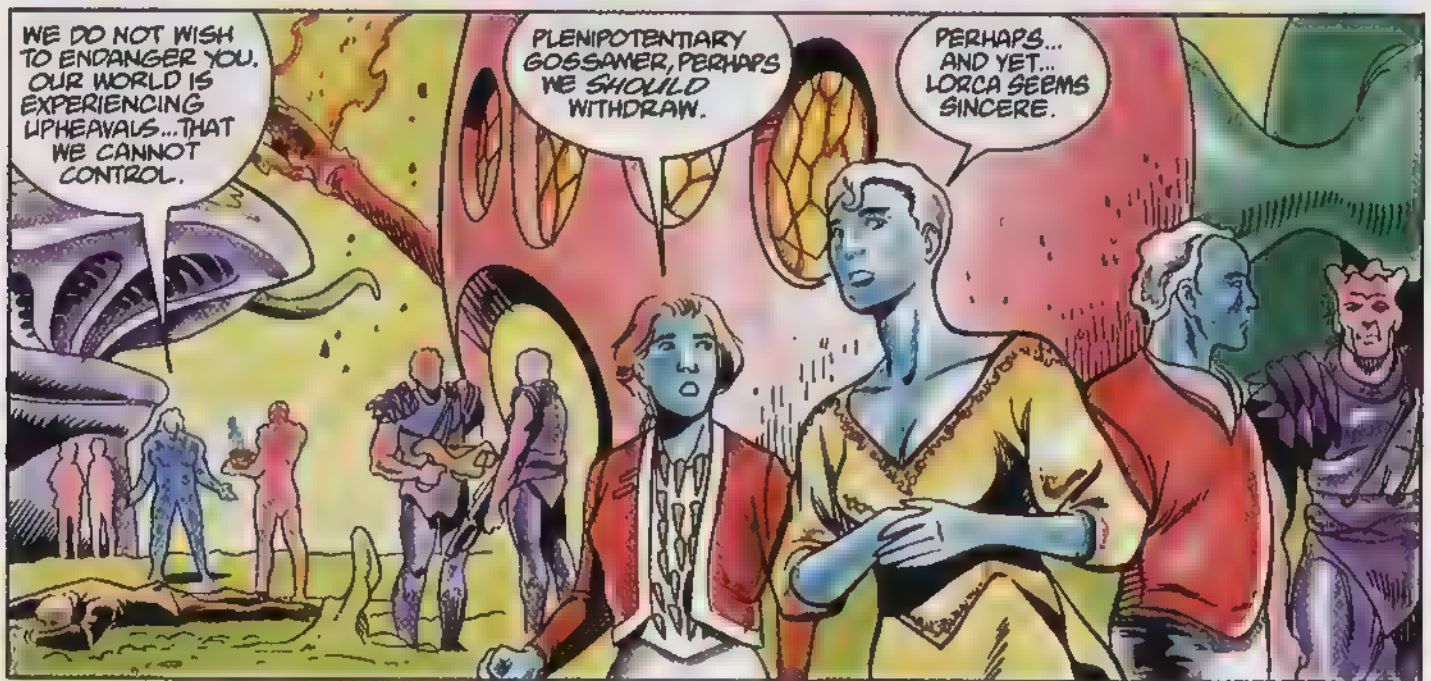
EMPEROR LORCA! THE NAVARCH OF THE ALIEN VESSEL DEMANDS TO SPEAK WITH YOU.

I WILL SPEAK.

EMPEROR LORCA, YOUR VERY WORLD IS BECOMING A HIDEOUS AND THREATENING APPARITION. I HAVE ASKED OUR PLENI-POTENTIARY AND HER AIDES TO WITHDRAW...

...HOWEVER SHE BELIEVES THAT THERE STILL IS A CHANCE FOR PEACE, AND CHOOSES TO REMAIN IN YOUR... "ORG."

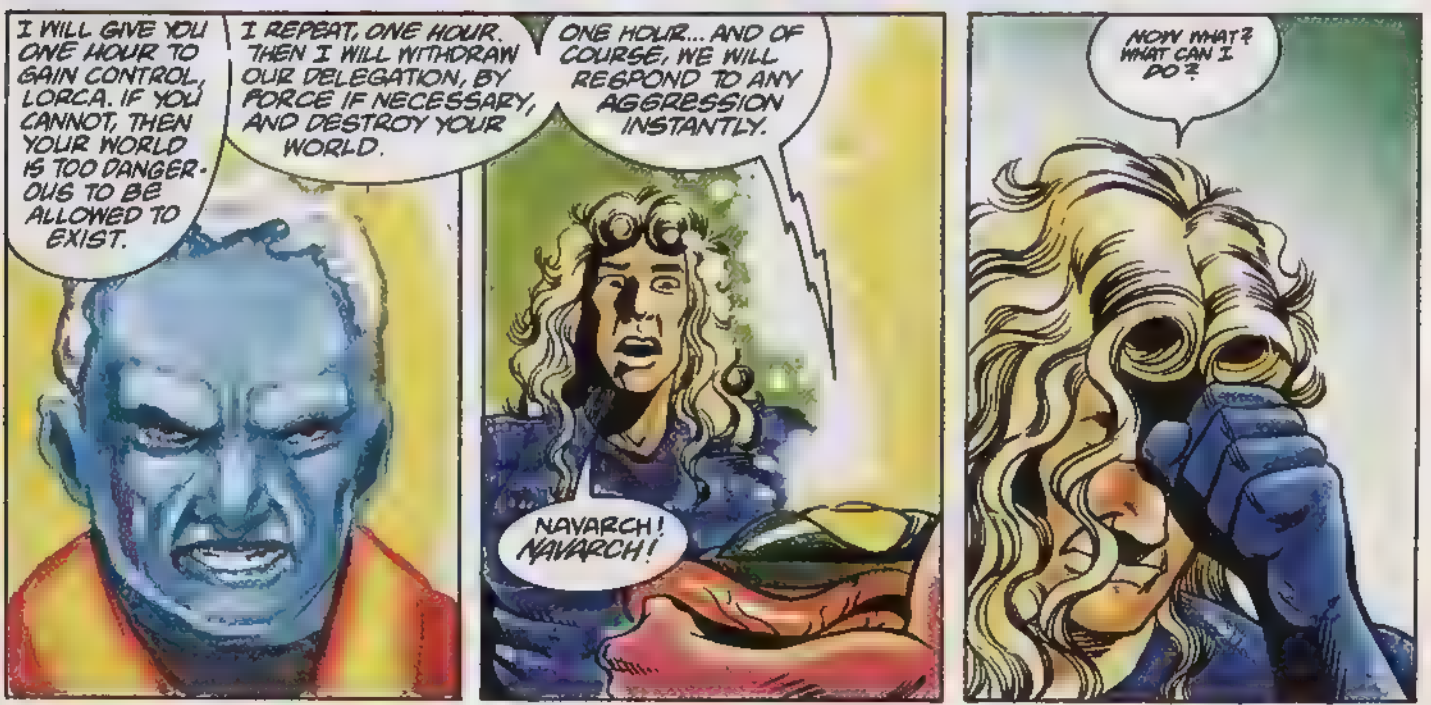
NEVERTHELESS, I WARN YOU--I WILL NOT TOLERATE HAVING MY VESSEL ENDANGERED.



WE DO NOT WISH TO ENDANGER YOU. OUR WORLD IS EXPERIENCING UPHEAVALS...THAT WE CANNOT CONTROL.

PLENI-POTENTIARY GOSSAMER, PERHAPS WE SHOULD WITHDRAW.

PERHAPS... AND YET... LORCA SEEMS SINCERE.



I WILL GIVE YOU ONE HOUR TO GAIN CONTROL, LORCA. IF YOU CANNOT, THEN YOUR WORLD IS TOO DANGEROUS TO BE ALLOWED TO EXIST.

I REPEAT, ONE HOUR. THEN I WILL WITHDRAW OUR DELEGATION, BY FORCE IF NECESSARY, AND DESTROY YOUR WORLD.

ONE HOUR... AND OF COURSE, WE WILL RESPOND TO ANY AGGRESSION INSTANTLY.

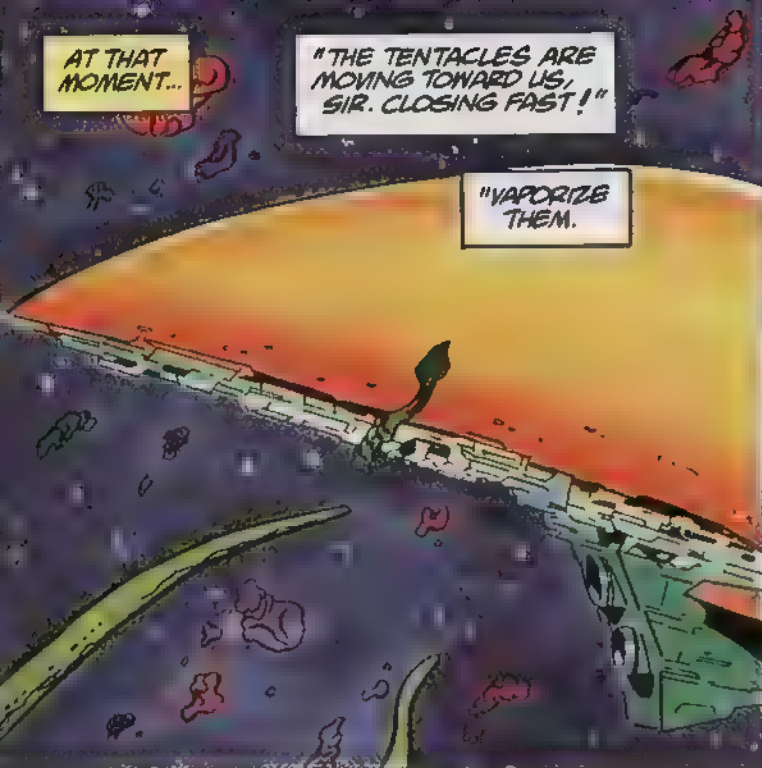
NAVARCH! NAVARCH!

NOW WHAT? WHAT CAN I DO?

AT THAT
MOMENT...

"THE TENTACLES ARE
MOVING TOWARD US,
SIR. CLOSING FAST!"

"VAPORIZE
THEM."



"MOVE IN. PREPARE
TO DEPLOY THE
EXTRACTION TEAM."



"SIR, THE MASS OF THE APPROACHING TENTACLES
IS NEAR THE THEORETICAL LIMITS OF OUR WEAPONS'
CAPACITY TO EFFECTIVELY DESTROY."



"I WILL NOT DESERT OUR
DELEGATION. MOVE IN."

